

# MISS BRADY'S PIANO-FORTAY.

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If you're fond of real classical music,  
Sweet German, or Russian, or French,  
Come down to the Hotel de Brady,  
And listen to Madeline Lynch;  
She lately came over from Berlin—  
From the Musical Conservatory;  
She plays polkas, and waltzes, and didos,  
On Miss Brady's piano-fortay.

CHORUS.

Up and down, all around,  
She'd hammer away like a nailer,  
One, two, three, can't you see?  
Her German Professor would say,  
"Five-forté" by the score,  
All of it, and the late "Billy Taylor,"  
Allegro, de capo,  
On Miss Brady's piano-fortay.

When the neighbors came in on a Sunday,  
Oh, ladies and gentlemen all,  
They sit themselves down in the parlor,  
Conveniently close to the wall.  
Then Lena walks over so stately,  
And she sits herself down for to play;  
All the gallops and jump-up mazourkas,  
On Miss Brady's piano-fortay.

Up and down, &c.

Oh, she plays all the Italian op'ras,  
Dear Martha and sweet Trovatore,  
It's then we rise up all the windies,  
And open the front and back door.  
The linnet, the thrush, or canaries,  
Or the mooking-bird singing its lay,  
Sure they're nothing to Lena when warbling,  
At Miss Brady's piano-fertay.

Up and down, &c.

Oh, it's come where my love lies dreaming,  
So near by the town of Athlone,  
Lord Lovel, come to me, my darling,  
The baby's asleep, cradle's gone.  
The Mulligan Guards, she's a daisy,  
I'm afloat on the flowers of May,  
She's warbling from morning to evening,  
At Miss Brady's piano-fortay.

Up and down, &c.